

There are two occupations which the North American Indian has ability for, and which he will follow willingly and with energy—war and agriculture. He is not fitted for the *Pot-Dishery*. It has always been a mystery to me why our government does not enlist the Indians in our regular army. It would give them a chance to show their courage, their discipline and make them self-sustaining. They make the best soldiers in the world, and we must not forget that we owe the Indians a debt. We must not let them be enlisted as a soldier and employed in guarding our frontier, he cannot at the same time be stealing horses or carrying on a depredation.

In place of teaching them all to be farmers, it would be better to make stockmen of them. They are naturally good riders, and they like horses and dogs. They are not fitted to be agriculturists, but they are fitted to be stockmen naturally in a useful channel. Raising stock is the civilization of the chase. To the hunter, the chase is a sport.

Their school instruction should be upon their reservations and not 500 miles away. Adjusting each school should be a large tract of land, with a few Indian families, farming and stockraising and such trades as they are fitted to follow.

He was crossing the lawn next day with some choice geranium slips in his hand, when he heard a smothered sound as of sobbing, in the little trellised arbor on the other side of the

His heart smote him with a sudden remorse. He flung down the geraniums, went around by the gate, and presented himself before poor little Corinne Delacroix, who sat, bitterly lamenting, on the step of the summer

She started guiltily at his approach and rose to her feet.

"My dear young lady," said he, "what is the matter? Is it anything in which I can help you?"

St. Il Corinne wept on.

"I—I owe you an apology," added White. "I regret from the bottom of

"But you can't!" sabbled Corinnenne.

"Oh, please—please forgive me! I don't know what possessed me to put strychnine into a piece of meat at the foot of the garden. But I did, and he has been—"

"Poisoned!" gasped Mr. Whyte.
 "Your father?"
 "No," wept Corinne, with a gesture of impatience. "The dog!"
 "Do you mean my Irish setter?"
 "Yes."
 "But he isn't poisoned!" cried Mr. Whyte.

"He has disappeared," asserted Corinne.
"I have sent him away. I did not choose that so trifling a thing as a dog should rise up dissension between neighbors."
Corinne dropped her tear-drenched pocket-handkerchief; her face grew pale.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said she. "I am not quite such a guilty wretch as I fancied myself. But I did put the poisoned meat there. In intention I am as guilty as ever. And I shall not be quite, quite happy until you say that you forgive me."

"I assure you, Miss Delacroix—" he

"I am going to send Bunny away, said Corinne. "to my cousin in Bris-

ton, who wants a white rabbit dress fully. And Paquita has already been shipped to Boulogne by express. Papa says we must not keep pets at the expense of our neighbors' peace of mind. And, by the way, we were so much obliged to you—papa and I—for shooting that hateful old wh to eat the macaroni during dinner and ruin

"I am glad—that is, I really didn't know—"

And when he went home he had promised to have Nero brought back provided Bunny should not be exiled.

She was delighted with Mr. Dol
croix and his daughter. The mo
they saw of each other the better the
were mutually pleased.

"Corinne has a rare nature!" said
Mr. Whyte, enthusiastically.
"Yes, indeed!" said his sister. "A

At the year's end, the neighbors looked oddly at each other.

"But, after all," said Mrs. Jenkins, "it isn't half so strange as that Mr. Nicola Whyte, at her years, should marry a widow I know father."

"That's very true!" observed Mr. Jones, with a chuckle.

All the Fools Are Not Dead.
The nonsense of fortune-telling
one in which not only our serv
girls indulge; the daughters of wea
and education are addicted to it. S
repetitious visits to the fortune tel
are among the common escapades

thing new in that line is bound to compensate its operator. An astrologer has set up in a curious variation of his business of humbug, and his specialty is the telling of fortunes by means of moles. He pretends to read character and make prophecies by means of these blemishes. It would both

other than an ingenious idea to put
th's method into practical use, but the
difficulty is surmounted by the "pro-
fessor" in question. He has printed
on cards four outlines of a female fi-
gure, showing the form from each
point of the compass, so to speak.
His clients on their first visit are pro-
vided with a set of these cards, which

they take home and mark in just the right spot with the moles which they happen to bear. Then they return to the fortune-teller and he reads the attributes and destiny from the diagrams as filled out. A mole on the shoulder means one thing and on the side has a totally different interpretation, and so on through a vast number of positions.

of locations and combinations. The fellow has adapted himself to his particular humbug by growing a tremendous board, which makes him look like a wise man of the east, and increases his impressiveness. His gravity is perfect, he talks like an educated man and he is doing a lucrative business.

tomers so many that usually one has to wait in the anti-room an hour or more for an audience. — *New York Sun*.

Q (Incredulously): "Ah, sir, it was doing business
on credit that reduced me to this.—*Trifling*
Siftings."

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